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BARBERS.

IN any race of men would be justified in assuming the position of chronic grumblers and praisers of time past, I really think the barbers would. How are the barbers fallen! One by one, their privileges have been wrested from them: they have been supplanted even in the matter of gossip; the fabrication of canards has been transferred to the penny-a-liner; the red and white pole is as scarce as good Madeira; and the barber appears with diminished head, but still luxuriant locks, under the odious name of hairdresser. They certainly form a Worshipful Company, and they have a Hall. They meet occasionally, and go on eating and drinking from about four o'clock in the afternoon until what time at night is best known to the policeman on that beat; and they commit great slaughter, if there be any truth in those human sandwiches which everywhere confront one, amongst the Russian bears. Nevertheless, their glory is departed.

They figured in the good old times in the works of historians, poets, dramatists, and novelists; but now they are clean forgotten. The date of their introduction from Sicily into Rome by Menas occupied the attention of Varro and Pliny. There is scarcely a play of Plautus wherein is no mention of a barber; Terence is very much indebted to the barber's shop; and their name, their office, and their abodes are immortalised in the verses of Horace, Juvenal, and Martial. Is not the whole of the seventh chapter of the second book of *Gil Blas* taken up with the *Histoire du garçon barbier*? Who does not feel personally indebted to the race of barbers, when he thinks of the Barber of Seville? Had they not been in existence, what would have become of Sir Walter Scott? How could he have supplied the place of Caxton in the *Antiquary*, and Oliver le Dain in *Quentin Durward*? Louis XI. would have been nothing without his barber. But now-a-days, you may read whole volumes of poetry without so much as an allusion to them; you may attend every kind of theatre, and hear every sort of play, and yet find no vestige of a barber; and few are the novels in which they do service. Moreover, the men of the present generation, not content with ruining the barber's trade by selfishly shaving themselves, have taken also to cutting their own nails, or biting them, which, if not so seemly, is a shorter process, and equally robs the ill-used barber of his ancient office of nail-cutter. It is brooding over all his wrongs and recalling his past honours, when his shop was the club where loungers chatted, the mint where scandal was coined, and even the school where music was practised, that, in my opinion, gives to the modern barber or

haircutter so melancholy an expression; for he always wears a melancholy expression, and his constant sighing (I suppose) induces aspiration of the vowels: at least, I never met a barber yet who didn't, when he got anything like a pace on in his talking, aspirate most unnecessarily. Even when he has got his own head up exactly after the fashion of the wax-figure that slowly revolves in his window; when his hair has been brushed, and combed, and greased, and curled, until it assumes the most unnatural appearance in the world; when his whiskers have been trimmed, and crimped, and twisted, until they meet at the point of the chin, making his face like a semi-ellipse; when his imperial drops down with costly unguents; and when his moustache has been waxed, and waxed, and waxed, until it looks as though it were too tight for him—even under these circumstances, he doesn't look quite happy; he seems to have some sorrow too deep for 'air-oil, some grief beyond the reach of bear's grease.

From what I have observed, and from what I have myself endured, I have become actuated towards hairdressers by feelings of mingled hatred and terror. I know it is quite unjustifiable, unreasonable, and even wicked to hate any one of my fellow-creatures, and as a Christian, I strive against it; but it is equally my duty as a Christian to speak the truth, and therefore I must confess that I don't succeed. Nelson is reported to have preached to his sailors on this wise: 'Love your enemies, my lads; whatever you do, love your enemies; but mind ye—hate a Frenchman.' So it is with me: I love my fellow-creatures, but I hate hairdressers; and I'm sure they return the compliment with interest; for I shave myself; I use no Circassian cream-dye, or hair-wash; I buy a bottle of real Eau-de-Cologne about once a century; I have long ago renounced bandoline and all its works; my hair-brushes, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes seem never to wear out; my tooth-powder is camphorated chalk, of which an ounce costs something ridiculously small, and lasts about a year; and, to sum up, I have my hair cut not oftener than once a month, and never pay more than sixpence. The hairdressers therefore return my hate, I say, with interest; and I forgive them with all my heart, for I'm not a profitable customer. I also fear them, which is unmanly; but I cannot help that; it's a constitutional infirmity. There are some insects which put me to flight in a moment; for I'm no entomologist, and am in mortal dread of the *Cimex lectularius*, from which I run away with celerity. I have heard on good authority that the pluckiest man in a certain Highland regiment would turn tail at the sight of a black cat, and therefore I don't mind acknowledging

my weakness, and admitting honestly that I'm afraid of the barber or hairdresser, and that I hover round the door of his shop for very many minutes without daring to venture in. It is the hints, and innuendos, and covert violence to which you are subjected that set my nerves in a flutter. I wouldn't mind if they'd assault you unmistakably and openly; you'd know what course to pursue under those circumstances; but to be beaten with a couple of hard brushes about the head, ears, nose, and eyes till your head burns, your ears redden, your eyes smart, and your nose very nearly bleeds, on the pretence that you are only getting what you are fairly entitled to for your sixpence—whereas you know perfectly well that you are the victim of long pent-up passion, and that you are feeling the vengeance of the man whose grease and scents you have despised—places you in a dilemma which produces uneasiness, which is allied to nervousness, which is akin to fear.

All a hairdresser's arrangements appear to me to be made with a view to intimidation; I daresay I am wrong; still, that is my candid opinion. Else why should a man's nerves be played upon by them as they are? You push the door open, and there is immediately a startling sound, as though you had broken something expensive, though it is in reality nothing but the shrill click of a spring or some other detestable piece of mechanism intended to emphasise a customer's entrance; then a young lady comes forward and bows, which is awkward when you intend to spend only sixpence; then, if your presence of mind doesn't utterly desert you, you bow, and mutter that you're only going to have your hair cut; upon which she smiles, as if you had said a good thing, rings a bell, and requests you to walk up stairs. Next you find yourself in the presence of two or three uncommonly fine heads of hair, who shew all their teeth except one or two at the back, and brandish a comb in one hand, and a thing like a piece of a chintz curtain in the other. One of the trio hands you a chair; sets you before a looking-glass, which reflects all your deformities; tucks the bit of chintz into your collar as though you were a baby going to take arrow-root; and by a gentle pressure of the thumb, forces your head into the most eligible position for being guillotined. He thereupon asks you how you would like it cut; and if you are at all particular about your personal appearance, you had better take care how you answer this question. Nine persons out of ten, I have remarked, say that they would like it rather short behind; and this, I should think, from observation, is as safe a reply as any. Once, under the impression that he ought to know his business better than myself, I made the reckless response that I didn't care—he had better suit himself: and he certainly paid me out. When I looked at myself in the mirror after the operation was over, I scarce repressed a cry of horror. With a laudable intention, I suppose, of giving me a good sixpennyworth, he had reduced me to a veritable scarecrow. Had I robbed his till, and been committed to prison, there might have been some excuse for the treatment; as it was, I was a libel upon honest men. My hat would no longer fit me; my features appeared to have become supernaturally prominent; my ears presented an elongated appearance; my friends passed me in the street; and when I stopped them, with an injured air, requested proof of my individuality. Moreover, the operator asked me, with a look of triumph, if my hair were short enough, and

whether I wanted anything else. Hereupon, I was overwhelmed with confusion, hurriedly answered in the negative, slunk through the door, and regretted that I had no tail, by the insertion of which between my legs I might more completely express my sense of humiliation. If you have a companion or two under the shears, your own sufferings are heightened or alleviated according to the natural disposition of your own particular shearer. If he be a man of a flattering tongue, who has confidence that by adroit adulation he will succeed in sending you away sorrowfully laden with undesired essences, you have the pull of your fellow-patients: 'No difficulty in finding your partin', sir; 'air parts of itself. Your 'air, sir, is remarkable fine 'air, sir. With a leetle of our pomade once or twice a week, it 'ud 'ave quite a silky appearance: and the partin' down the back o' the 'ead beats curlin'. Wavy 'air, sir, with a nice clean partin' (such as a leetle drop of our 'airwash twice a week 'ud perduce), in my opinion beats heverything. Take a leetle off the whiskers, sir? Thank you, sir. We've a particularly nice article for the whiskers, sir; keeps 'em from gettin' knotty.' Such are the soothing phrases which he pours into your ears, causing your neighbours to cast sidelong glances between the clips at the paragon beside them, with sandy hair about the texture of hay, and with reddish whiskers just visible without the assistance of a microscope; and if you are astute enough to parry his artful thrusts without committing yourself to a downright promise to buy, you may escape from his hands and his shop well shorn and scentless to boot, but, as you value your good-looks, never venture into that barber's clutches again. You'll find 'a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain;' he'll look delighted to see you, but believe me, you'll not be delighted to see yourself when you come out.

Your shearer, on the other hand, may, and often does, adopt a system of indirect compulsion—of moral bullying. He assumes a bland sneer, and makes unpleasant reflections upon your natural gifts and acquired habits, either by the words he uses, or the line of action he pursues. For instance, I have heard a colloquy between a tonsor and his patient after the following fashion:

Tonsor. Your 'air is very loose, sir—very loose.

Patient. What do you mean?

Ton. Why, it comes out very easy, sir: falls out, I may say.

Pat. Well, I believe it does rather.

Ton. You 'aven't 'ad a fever lately, sir, 'ave you?

Pat. (Testily.) No, I haven't; never had a fever.

Ton. Very extraordinary. I should 'a said you 'd 'ad a fever. I never saw a gentleman's 'air come out so easy. You don't wash your 'ead very frequently, sir, I should say?

Pat. (Uneasily.) Yes, I do; quite frequently enough. Why do you think I don't? You don't mean to say it's dirty, I hope?

Ton. (Apologetically.) Oh! dear no, sir; not at all, sir; but London is such a very smoky place, you get all sorts of dust and grit into the 'air almost without knowing it, sir; and there's nothing like washing the 'ead with cold water for strengthening the 'air. But then you hought to apply something hafter it, for fear of taking cold, sir—some sort of vegetable preparation. We've a very nice article here, sir; price 'alf-a-crown. It prevents cold (quoting from an advertisement), stimulates the 'ealthy action of the skin, strengthens the roots of the 'air, and prevents it from falling off.

Pat. I'll take a bottle.

Ton. (Accompanying the patient to the shop, and glancing victoriously at the young lady who takes the money.) 'Air cut, miss, and a bottle of the vegetable wash.

Sometimes tonsor catches a Tartar, in the shape of a choleric person who doesn't like to hear the

melodious words 'scurf' and 'dandriff'—particularly when the cacophony of the former is intensified by being pronounced 'scuff'—applied to him. In this case, the patient has an evident rush of blood to the face, starts up from his chair, at the imminent peril of his ear-tips, and informs tonsor that 'he came to have his hair cut, and not to hear remarks upon the state of his skin,' and that if tonsor 'can't cut it without talking nonsense, he'll go to somebody who can.' Upon this, tonsor is reduced to silence, and indulges in the voiceless vengeance of scarifying his customer's head with a couple of hard brushes, according to the plan already mentioned. This same choleric person, at his exit, so far from complying with tonsor's reasonable request, that he should purchase a bottle of the vaunted 'airwash, mutters that 'as he doesn't want to have his hair turned green, or blue, or any other conspicuous colour, he thinks he'd better not,' and in scarcely audible gutturals, condemns the man, and the wash, and the scents, and the whole place in succinct but powerful language.

I have called this a self-shaving generation, and so for the most part it is; still there are people who ape the antique, and get themselves shaved by the barber, and those people number amongst them young as well as old. With respect to the latter, I have nothing whatever to say: I respect gray hairs; and if an octogenarian likes having his nose pulled by a thumb and finger redolent of rancid grease, he is perfectly at liberty *pace me* to do so. Still, I affirm positively that there is no occasion whatever to lay hold of a man's nose whilst, as the French say, one is making his beard, or, as we should more correctly express it, one is taking his beard off. Indeed, I appeal to any self-shaving person to declare whether he ever takes hold of his principal feature during the operation of rasure, and whether he doesn't rather put his left hand a-kimbo upon his left hip, stick his chin out, compress his lips, and, in fact, perform upon himself in a totally different manner from that of the professional barber, greatly to the advantage of his sense of smell, his power of breathing, and his general freedom of attitude. For suppose a man, under the influence of professional shaving, to want to swallow—and men do sometimes want to swallow for no perceptible reason beyond the practice of that tolerably common accomplishment—or to have a cold, and to feel called upon suddenly to use his pocket-handkerchief, it is at the risk of a serious gaah either upon his chin or his thorax that he attempts the one or the other. However, granting, for the sake of argument, that the professional barber is obliged to pull your nose, and twist it forcibly from side to side, I want to know why he shouldn't do it with clean fingers. Let the barbers wash their hands, I say, and manipulate my nose with inodorous digits, whether I choose to have it pulled for sixpence, threepence, or even three-halfpence.

But to the young man who objects to shaving himself, and, from a dislike of trouble, or an inexcusable nervousness, prefers to submit to the tender mercies of a barber, I assume a tone of harsh rebuke. I don't know who he is, or how big he is, and he don't know how big I am, and therefore I've no hesitation in calling him a lazy dog, if he decline self-rasure on troublesome grounds; and if on the ground of nervousness, I say he has no business to be so nervous at his age, and I accuse him at once of living an improper life, of keeping late hours, of taking more wine than is good for him, and of smoking strong tobacco; and I maintain that all the contumely he meets with whenever he goes to be shaved, is no more than he richly deserves. And let him not suppose that, however ferocious his moustache, and however strong his beard, he will escape unpleasant remarks. I have seen young men with an unexceptionable biceps and general muscular appearance writhing in impotent fury under barbaric torture. 'You've a very funny-coloured moustache, sir,' I heard a malignant barber

once remark to his victim; 'I don't think I ever see such a funny colour.' And the victim dared not open his mouth at this dubious compliment, for he didn't like the taste of soap-suds. The face of that Herculean fellow, who wants to sneeze, and feels confident of a deep incision if he does, is awful to behold; his features swell, he grows quite purple, and the helpless manner in which he stretches out his hands would melt any heart but a barber's. A barber cannot comprehend that a man who is being shaved can have any other requirements until that is over; the fly that tickles you into fits is all unheeded by him; the lather that gets up your nose is all in the way of business; and you had better get all your coughing done whilst he is whetting his razor. Nor need you expect any sympathy from him if he should happen to cut you; he'll only tell you, should you complain, that 'your face is very pimply,' and that 'the hair'—meaning the atmosphere—'will soon stop the bleeding.'

After all, my chief objection to barbers is, the antipathy they invariably display towards the tint of my *chevelure*; and yet it is a very pleasant tint, I think, and, at anyrate, it is the natural tint, which nothing will ever persuade me is not the best; yet I seldom or never submit to tonsure but I see a man stealthily approaching my whiskers with a tooth-brush dipped in some chemical preparation. I have become used to it now, but the first time it occurred I was somewhat dismayed, and thanking him for his intended kindness, assured him that I washed my teeth *myself* every night and morning. With indignation I learned that it was dye, and that his object was 'to improve my appearance;' and from that day forth, I hate and fear—I wish I could say despise—the barbers.

THE CRANE IN BRITAIN.

THE crane, now very rarely seen in this country, was once a tenant of our marshes, where it fed, nestled, and reared its young. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, does not omit to mention this noble bird, when enumerating the feathered frequenters of the great fens of Lincolnshire—

There stalks the stately crane, as though he marched
in war,
By him that hath the hern, which (by the fishy ear)
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and
reed,
Snags, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often feed.

In all the notices left to us of the high festivals and grand banquets of the olden time, the crane holds a prominent and distinguished position. In Dugdale's *Baronage* we are informed how Fitz-Osborne, steward of the household to William the Conqueror, lost his high office through placing before his royal master an underdone crane, 'wherest the king took such offence as that he lifted up his fist, and had struck him fiercely, but that Eudo de Rie, the king's dapifer, bore off the blow.' Fitz-Osborne indignantly resigned his stewardship, and Eudo, the dapifer, or seneschal, was appointed in his place. Twelve cranes are enumerated, among other edible items, in a purveyance made for the 'skipping king,' Richard II., when staying with 'old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,' at the Bishop of Durham's palace in the Strand. At the installation-dinner of Stafford, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1433, roasted cranes were served at the second course. At the still grander enthronisation-feast of Nevile, archbishop of York, in 1460, no less than two hundred and four of these birds were placed upon the banqueting-tables. The lord-mayor and

citizens of London, when commanded by Cardinal Wolsey—much against their will—to provide for the French ambassador and his retinue, in 1527, sent to Carlisle House, where his excellency was lodged, twelve cranes, twelve pheasants, and twelve swans. The same proud cardinal, 'the mastif curie brede in Ypswich towne,' as his enemies delighted to term him, was equally great at unravelling a tangled skein of diplomacy, or settling the arrangements for one of his grand 'feasts royal'; in his own directions for one of the latter, he expressly commands that the cranes are to be served up with the second course. Archbishop Cranmer, in regulations which he made relative to the tables of the clergy, commanded that of the greater fowls, such as cranes and swans, there should be but one dish. Skelton, the laureate of the same reign, in his satirical poem, *Colyn Clout*, thus stigmatises the gluttony of the clergy:

Howe some of you do eate
In Lent so mych fleshe mete,
Fesaunta, partryche, and cranes;
Men call you therefore prophanes.
Ye pycke ne shrympes ne pranes,
Saltfyshe, stockfyshe, ne herynge,
Such is not for your werynge.

An immense number of instances may be adduced of this bird having been a favourite dish at the tables of our ancestors. In Scotland, it was well known; Lindsay of Pittscoatie, the quaint old chronicler, mentions it as forming part of the bill of fare at the grand hunting entertainment given by the Earl of Athole to James V., the queen-mother, and the pope's ambassador, on the banks of the Loughaine in Glen Tilt. The building erected by the earl expressly for this banquet, was, as Lindsay tells us, 'a fair palace of green timber, wound with green birks that were green both under and above, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every nuik thereof, a great round, as if it had been a blockhouse. The floors were laid with green scarlets and spreaths, medwards and flowers, that no man knew whereon he zeid, but as he had been in a garden. And also this palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arrasses of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airths, that this palace was as pleasantly decorated with all necessaries pertaining to a prince as it had been his own palace-royal at home. The ambassador of the pope seeing this great banquet and triumph, which was made in a wilderness, where there was no town near by twenty miles, thought it a great marvel that such a thing could be in Scotland. But most of all, this ambassador marvelled to see, when the king departed and all his men took their leave, the Highlandmen set all this fair palace in a fire. Then the ambassador said to the king: "I marvel, sir, that you should thole yon fair place to be burnt, that your grace has been so well lodged in." Then the king answered the ambassador, and said: "It is the use of our Highlandmen, though they be never so well lodged, to burn their lodging when they depart."'

Gawain Douglas, the minstrel Bishop of Dunkeld—

Who gave rude Scotland Virgil's page—

alludes to the wedge-shaped flight and clanging cries of a flock of cranes with all the accuracy of a true poet and observer of nature, in the beautiful description of Winter annexed, as a prologue, to his translation of the seventh book of the *Æneid*:

Palamedis birdis crowpand in the sky
Fleand on randoun schapin lyk an Y,
And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis soun,
Quhais cryis bene pronostication
Of wyndy blastis and ventosities.

Palamede, the detector of the feigned madness of Ulysses, and who subsequently became the victim of

the unscrupulous king of Ithaca's base treachery, is said to have invented the game of chess, four letters of the Greek alphabet, and military discipline and strategy, during the eventful scenes of the Trojan war. A flock of cranes 'schapin lyk an Y,' it is said, suggested the form of one letter; 'thare vocis soun' ringing 'as ane trumpit,' and their vigilance against surprise, suggested the rallying war-cry and the duties of sentinels; and thus it is that the early Scottish poet designates the cranes as 'Palamedis birdis.' Martial, however, gave them the same appellation many centuries earlier.

All the ancient writers on natural history delight in praising the extreme watchfulness of the sentinel cranes; telling us that to keep themselves perfectly wide awake, they stand upon one leg, holding a stone in the upraised claw of the other. In this constrained attitude, the slightest approach to slumber causes the stone to drop on the ground, arousing not only the weary sentinel, but also the sleeping flock, who of course do not thank their watchman for the false alarm.

Some authors have erroneously supposed that the crane did not breed in this country, but was a mere bird of passage, visiting us in the winter season only; the fact, however, of its being found recorded as served up at feasts which, according to their dates, took place at all seasons of the year, proves to the contrary. An act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. specifies that no person was to take or destroy the eggs of any wild-fowl, on pain of a year's imprisonment, and to forfeit the sum of twenty-pence for every egg of a crane so taken or destroyed. It would appear that even then the bird was becoming scarce, for Turner, in his rare *Avium Historia*, combats the idea that the crane did not breed in England, stating that he had himself seen their nests and young ones.

In the very curious *Household Book* of the Lestranges of Huntstanton, a Norfolk family of distinction in the reign of Henry VIII., we find that of the three cranes mentioned in it, one was taken by a hawk, another shot with a crossbow, and the third shot with a gun. In fact, the struggle for pre-eminence between the gun and cross-bow had then just commenced. The bad quality and dearness of gunpowder, the inferior and clumsy construction of the first firearms, must have been unfavourable to their general adoption, and delayed for a considerable time the abandonment of the bow. Markham, writing several years later, speaking of the 'birding-piece,' says: 'As for the shape or manner of it, 'tis better it be a fier-locke or snaphaunce (flint-lock) than a cocke and tricker (match-lock), for it is safer and better for carriage, readier for use, and keeps the powder drier in all weathers; whereas the blowing of a coale is many times the loss of the thing aimed at.'

Fancy a crack-shot of the present day blowing a coal or match before he applied it to the touch-hole; or, on the other hand, fancy Markham's astonishment if he could have seen one of our modern percussion-guns!

The cross-bow, from its admitting of a point-blank shot, was much more certain in its aim than the long-bow; the former holding a position analogous to the rifle, the latter to that of the smooth-bored gun of the present day. The modern sportsman may form an idea of the dexterity attained in the use of the cross-bow from an entry in the *Lestrangle Household Book*, which states that seven mallards were killed by one person in the course of a morning with this weapon. Though we may presume that only one bird was killed at each discharge, yet we must recollect that the birds were not so wild then as now, and that the almost noiseless flight of an arrow would disturb the game in its immediate vicinity only, while the report of a gun spreads terror among the feathered tribes to a considerable distance. Moreover, the birds were invariably shot *sitting*, shooting *flying* being

then unknown; indeed, so recently as 1727, shooting at birds on the wing was scarcely thought of, as we find by a curious poem, published in that year, entitled *Peteryplegia*, which in all good faith, without the slightest attempt at burlesque, professes to teach 'the art of shooting flying.' How likely the author was to succeed, we leave the reader to judge from the following extract:

Five general sorts of flying marks there are,
The lineals two, traverse, and circular;
The fifth oblique, which I may vainly teach,
But practice only perfectly can reach.

The sportsmen, too, of the olden time were, by the aid of the stalking-horse, enabled to approach within a very short distance of their game. In the very interesting *Household Book* already alluded to, we find an entry of money paid for shoeing the stalking-horse, then a necessary adjunct to the establishment of every gentleman's country-house. The sire, as a racing-man might say, of our modern domestic clothes-horse, frequently mentioned by our early dramatists and other authors, and almost coming under the denomination of an extinct British animal, the stalking-horse, we trust, is not altogether unworthy of a description in these pages. The best account we find of it is in a work without date, but published about the commencement of the seventeenth century, under the quaint title of *Hunger's Prevention*. The writer, after relating the impossibility of approaching wild-fowl within gunshot, when in an open field or marsh, thus proceeds:

'So that of necessity a man must have a moving shadow or shelter to walke by him. In this case, there is nothing better than the stalking-horse, which is any old jade trayned up for that use, which being stript naked, and having nothing but a string about the nether chappe, of two or three yards long, will gently, as you have occasion to urge him, walke up and downe eating the grass or other stuffe that groweth thereabout: and then you shall shelter yourself and the piece behinde his fore-shoulder, bending your body downe low by his side, and keeping his body full between you and the fowle. Then having chosen your marke, you shall take your aym from before the fore-part of the horse, shooting, as it were, between the horse's neck and the ground; the shoulder of the horse concealing the body of the man, and the horse's legges covering the legges of the man also.'

From this description of the stalking-horse, and the mode of using it, we can easily understand the meaning of such an expression as, 'Hypocrisy is the devil's stalking-horse;' or where, in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of Touchstone, 'He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that he shoots his wit;' or where, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Claudio, when he perceives that Benedick is listening to their conversation, says, in an aside, to Pedro, 'Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.'

Those who could not afford to keep a real flesh-and-blood stalking-horse, used an artificial one, made of a wooden frame covered with canvas, which was painted to resemble a horse. This the sportsman carried with him, when stalking wild-fowl; and no doubt, when he returned home wet and weary, would hang his wet clothes over the sham steed. The good housewife would soon take the hint, and the stalking-horse, on washing-days, would become as useful in the house as it had erstwhile been in the field. In course of time, the painted canvas, no longer required, would be taken off; the name connected with its original use forgotten; and the appellation horse only retained to dignify the rickety wooden appliance of the laundress. Another derivation, more germane to our subject, is worth noticing. Pegge, the most indefatigable antiquary of the last century, assumes that the word pedigree is

derived from the French *pie de grue* (the crane's foot), as a pedigree of extent resembles the long foot or leg of a crane, especially where only the main line is carried down.

LIFE IN THE MERCHANT-SERVICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ONE afternoon, a homeward-bound ship was observed from the masthead. The captain was asked to send a boat, and forward letters home by it; to this he agreed, and gave orders to us midshipmen to run up the usual saluting-signals: 'What ship is that?' 'The *Mary Anne*.'—'Where from, and where bound?' 'From Callao to Cork.'—'How many days out?' '115.' Then came a question which made many a heart beat anxiously to know the reply: 'Will you take a mail home?' 'Yes,' signalled the other ship. On this answer, it was given out that an hour would be allowed for writing letters, and of course nearly every one went below, to forward their friends some tidings of themselves. We midshipmen were not backward; we all made a rush for the booby-hatch, but were stopped by the chief-mate, and told to make up the signal-flags before we went down. Those whose watch it was on deck were not allowed to go below, unless they could get an equal number to relieve them. This was rather too bad, for surely the discipline of the ship might have been laid aside just for one hour; but the chief-mate would not have it so, and it seemed to me that he took advantage of this circumstance as an opportunity of venting his spite on the unfortunate 'mids' for their previous bad conduct. To myself, these orders were not very inconvenient, as directly we left England, I commenced writing letters, not having the slightest idea at the time when, or how, they would be sent; but now just adding a few words to them, together with the latitude and longitude, to shew the position of the ship, I sealed them up, put them in the mail-bag, and went to relieve the watch.

It is, I believe, the custom in nearly all first-class ships, and it was the case in ours, to work all day until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the decks are swept up and all made neat. At three bells (half-past five) they piped to supper; and that being over, every one dressed to come on deck, where, if it were fine, there was plenty of fun, and the games of 'Sling the Monkey,' leap-frog, and jumping, enabled us to get through the long evening hours. At other times, the captain gave us permission to have the fiddler aft to play, and then we had dances, in which the lady-passengers joined. These amusements were kept up with unwearied vigour till eight o'clock, at which hour the watch was changed, and the first night-watch began; after eight, nobody was allowed to make any noise, for fear of disturbing the watch below, who then turned in. But some of us passed the evenings in a quieter manner; and a group of passengers and midshipmen might have been seen congregated round the winch, smoking pipes or cigars, and spinning yarns. In this way we passed the fine evenings in the tropics; and were it not for the thirst which assailed us, a sailor's life might be said to be quite enviable in these regions.

I had now been at sea some time, and consequently began to have an insight into the numerous duties which devolved upon me. At 'eight bells' (eight o'clock), the watch was changed; and as that is the breakfast-hour of the midshipmen, only one of the next watch came up, and he kept a look-out till the others had finished their meal, when he went down to get his. During this time—namely, from eight to one bell—the third-mate looked out, the chief-mate being at breakfast. His love of tyrannising was as great on deck as below, and it was his especial delight to find us a dirty job. Everything had to be

touched up when he came; the slack of all the running-gear to be taken in, all the ropes to be coiled down fresh, and, when possible, he would trim sail. He had also a quick eye for discovering spots of grease or tar, at the sight of which we were sent for a piece of canvas and a bucket of water, and ordered to clean it up. But he was most particularly pleased when he succeeded in finding anything that wanted a piece of parcelling put on. How I can fancy him now, calling to me: 'Mr S——' (we were always honoured by having a handle attached to our names)—'Mr S——, come here. Do you see that rope? and do you see that chafe? I don't know,' he would say with an oath, 'where you put your eyes, unless it is in your pockets. Go forward; get a piece of old sail, and make some parcelling of it, and don't think you are where mammy will see your dirty fingers.' Then going forward, and watching me tarring it, he would amuse himself by asking vexatious questions, such as: 'Don't you wish you were at home?' I remember the first time he asked me this, I replied in the negative, when he immediately said: 'The more fool you, for I do.' Some time afterwards, I heard him propound the same question to one of the first voyagers, and on his answering, 'Yes,' he called out: 'Then what the Blazes did you come to sea for?' One of his favourite modes of annoyance was to compel us to thrust our hands into the tar twice as far as the occasion required, while he would stand by enjoying the scene most hugely, quite happy in the idea that he was making us do something that we greatly disliked. However, his reign was fortunately of short duration. The chief-mate, as soon as he had finished breakfast, relieved him, and then the work of the ship began regularly; in a few minutes, everybody being provided with sufficient to keep him employed all day. During the morning, we midshipmen were superintended by the fourth-mate, and in the afternoon, by the fifth. We had the entire care of the mizen-mast, and had to do all the work on it; and it was considered quite a disgrace if any of the sailors had to assist us, as we thought ourselves quite competent to perform all that was necessary. The work aloft was always considered by far the most pleasant, but the first voyagers were never sent up to do anything further than furl the mizen-royal, or to pass the ball of spun-yarn for the second voyagers; however, we delighted in doing even this, as it afforded us a good opportunity of spending a few hours in spinning and listening to yarns, the officer on watch seldom looking after us, but leaving that task to the junior officer, for whom we did not care at all. On deck, our work was of a different nature: we had to make chafing-gear for those employed aloft; we had also to clean out the boats, strike time, make parcelling for stock, help the sail-maker, and perform various other duties of a similar kind. But the worst of all was when the third-mate wanted water breaking out. The hands, that is, the sailors, were not required to do this; it was a job for us midshipmen; and all those on watch, with the exception of one, who was left on deck to act as errand-boy in general and to strike time, were called out for this tiring work. It sometimes happened that there were not sufficient of us, so the midshipmen of the watch below had to come up and take part in the proceedings; and for about two hours we had to pull the nasty, damp, mouldy casks about, to the great detriment of our clothes, which we could not change, as the officers gave us no time, but forced us to do all manner of dirty jobs in the dress we had on when the order was given out. It was this that so disgusted us with hold-work, knowing that we were irretrievably spoiling the various articles of dress which had to last us such a long time. The afternoon was spent in a manner very similar to the morning—getting aloft when we were able, and when on deck, engaged in every conceivable kind of disagreeable work. The night-watches, how-

ever, were comparatively easy—trimming sails and keeping time being all that was to be done; there being three of us in a watch, we came to the conclusion that one could do the work as well as three; so we took it in turn to watch, while the others slept in some convenient place, where, in the event of their services being required, they could be easily aroused. The watch we disliked most of all, and in which was by far the most disagreeable work, was from 4 A.M. till 8. At daybreak, directly it was light enough to see anything, the watch was called aft to wash the poop. The midshipmen had to fall to as well as the rest; and with shoes and stockings off, and sleeves turned up, we commenced hanging all the coils of rope clear of the deck, in order that the water might not wet them. Then the mats under the wheel-chain were removed, and the deck being rendered quite free from obstructions, water was poured all over it. It was obtained from a small pump stationed on the poop, which the midshipmen worked by turns; and very hard work it was, for the boat-swain's mate was prodigal of the liquid element, and threw several bucketfuls where one would have been quite sufficient. After the poop was well scrubbed down, the hands went on the quarter-deck to continue the washing there. The hose being stretched along, we recommenced pumping, and those of us who could not find employment at that, had to swab up all the wet, coil down the ropes, help the sail-maker, and do any other odd jobs. The only exception to this routine of duty was when the decks had to be holy-stoned, which occurred about three times during the outward-bound passage. They were then scrubbed down with stones called holy-stones, sand, and lime-water; and a precious mess it was! for we had to go down on our knees in the wet, with only a piece of the stave of a cask to kneel upon, and rub away with all our might, taking care that not an inch was left untouched.

The shaving process, once so general upon all who cross the line for the first time, but now almost abolished, was in our ship carried out in all its forms and ceremonies. Two days before they intended to shave, one of the sailors came round to take the bribe, as it is called—a sum of L.1, which was paid by those who preferred lightening their pockets rather than undergo the painful operation, the terrors of which the sailors took great care to impress on our minds. Accordingly, all the first-voyage midshipmen, myself included, took advantage of this, and being unwilling to have our bodies subjected to such ill-usage, paid the sum demanded. One evening in the second dog-watch, when in latitude 2 degrees 12 minutes north, as we were all assembled together by the main hatchway, enjoying our pipes and the yarns of our companions, we were suddenly startled by the man on watch on the fore-castle calling out: 'Sail on the weather-bow!' This is joyful news for a sailor; the tedious monotony of his life is relieved, and he loves to gaze upon an object which reminds him that he is not alone upon the wild waste of water. With first voyagers more especially does this feeling prevail; while the curiosity of rough, old Jack-tars, accustomed for weeks and months together to see nothing but water and sky, is not so easily aroused. We youngsters, however, at once made a rush to the side, but no ship was to be seen; so concluding that it was too far off, we resumed our pipes and yarns, and soon forgot, under the soothing influence of tobacco, the cause of our late excitement. But in a short time we were again startled by the cry: 'The ship is lowering a boat.' My curiosity was now awakened in earnest, and I thought that the ship must be very near, if the man could see a boat lowered, more particularly as it was nearly dark. I therefore looked—but in vain; for nothing was to be seen bearing any resemblance to a ship. I felt extremely puzzled; there was

evidently neither ship nor boat, and my perplexity was still further heightened by the chief-mate calling out: 'Stand by with a rope for the boat;' and almost at the same time, a voice over the side was heard to say: 'Heave us a rope.' We should now have discovered the trick, had not the chief-mate again called out: 'Now, then, young gentlemen, keep clear of the gangway;' when immediately a man clad in oilskins from head to foot, with long flowing hair, and a face of most venerable aspect, came over the side, made his way to the poop, and introducing himself to the chief-mate as Neptune, requested permission to speak with the captain. The captain was sent for, and Neptune, with all due dignity, sat down to await his arrival. On a closer view of his nautical majesty, it was discovered that his long and wavy locks were nothing more than rope-yarn pulled out into oakum. The captain came; Neptune made a bow, and began a speech, the import of which was, to know if there were any first voyagers in the ship, and if so, whether he had any objection to their being shaved the following day. The captain, in reply, said that he didn't mind the first voyagers among the midshipmen and the hands being operated upon, but he would not have the soldiers meddled with, as it might occasion a bad feeling between them and the sailors. This business over, he commenced asking Neptune a variety of questions, in order that we might see how much he believed in him, such as: 'What ships had lately crossed the line?' 'What wind would he cause to blow for the next week?' and others of a similar nature. To the former of these, Neptune answered without the slightest hesitation, as if what he said was really the case, and giving a long catalogue of ships, concluded by saying: 'On board the *Flying Eagle* yesterday, I shaved the first voyagers; and the carpenter, poor man, trying to resist my assistants, got his leg broken; I was sorry for him.' When this was concluded, and it was settled that there was to be a half-holiday next day, Neptune came down from the poop, and disappeared over the gangway. We heard him call out: 'Let go the painter.' 'Ay, ay,' was the answer; and immediately we saw his boat, which was represented by a small barrel full of tar, fixed on two cross-pieces of wood, and lowered into the water forward, go astern. The men having obtained the captain's leave, began to prepare for the duties of the morrow, by borrowing a lot of dresses from the passengers, and the soldiers and their wives.

The eventful day arrived; we worked, as usual, till dinner-time, after which the sailors set to, and fixed up a sail about three yards abaft the foremast, so that nobody but those who were admitted to the select circle of Neptune could see what was being done. At three o'clock, the time appointed for commencing, three of the sailors, dressed up as policemen, and armed with sand-bags, about a foot and a half long, by two inches in diameter, issued from behind the sail, and marched in line along the deck, until they came to the after-hatchway, where they went down, but presently made their appearance, bearing with them the midshipmen's servant, who kicked, and struggled, and shouted, but all to no purpose, for a few strokes of the sand-bags soon reduced him to order, and he was very quietly led forward beyond the sail. I was naturally very curious to see what would be done to him, and I determined, come what might, that I would have a view of the proceedings; so getting into the fore-chains, and from thence to the fore-castle, without anybody noticing me, I was enabled to witness the ceremonies.

Neptune was seated on a throne, represented by a large cask put on end; a smaller one served him as a footstool; before him was a box, for the convenience of the individual about to be shaved; there was also another box, the medicine-chest of his majesty's doctor, which contained pills about as large as

marbles, and of two different kinds—one being made of dough, or, as sailors pronounce it, duff-pudding; whilst the other was a compound of all manner of refuse and filth, with plenty of grease and tar to flavour it. In a corner near the cow-house was a large tub of water, which, I think, completed the inventory of Neptune's court.

The midshipmen's servant, when I got there, was in the sea-god's presence, answering various questions; the result of the examination being, that he was handed over to the doctor, who, after feeling his pulse, said he thought that a good strong pill would do him good. A bolus, therefore, such as the one last described, was offered him; but on his refusing to take it, the three policemen, who stood by, began to belabour him with the sand-bags, and in a few moments made him very glad to swallow it. After this, the doctor interrogated him respecting the state of his health, but directly he opened his mouth to answer, in went the tar-brush, causing him to spit and sputter most terribly. To the next inquiry he would not say a word, so the policemen, being in readiness, again commenced a serenado on his back, until he shouted out a reply, and, of course, got the tar-brush again in his mouth. In this manner, by the help of the policemen, he managed to answer all the questions; and the doctor then passed him over to the tender mercies of the barber, who, without the least ceremony, commenced lathering his face with tar, which was scraped off with part of an old iron hoop. His head was then rubbed with what, on board ship, is known by the descriptive epithet of 'slush;' after which he was carried to the tub of water, and well ducked, when he was declared to be a child of Neptune, was allowed to go aft, and the policemen went in search of another victim. This was the whole of the process, as performed on those who had not either paid the fine or crossed the line. When all were shaved and duly initiated, the dignity of Neptune and his court relaxed, and they amused themselves by throwing buckets of water at each other, the policemen at the same time fighting with the sand-bags. At half-past five, the hands were piped to clear up decks; they then had tea, after which all came aft in a body to sing and dance, and kick up as much noise as possible. At eight, the boat-swain piped to grog, the sailors went forward, and the ship resumed its usual order and quiet.

The male passengers now found that the beautiful fine days in the tropics hung heavily on their hands. Nothing to do was the complaint of all; and many plans were devised to drive away ennui, and kill the tedious time. The captain ordered rope-quoits to be made, and everybody played at the game till they were quite sick of it. The next thing started was a newspaper, called the *Orang-Outang Gazette*, which for some time interested the passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, and was equally attractive to the soldiers and midshipmen. A young cadet in the H.E.I.C.S. was appointed editor; and a box was hung outside his door, wherein any communications intended for the journal might be placed. Three of the passengers offered their services as writers—that is, to copy it out, so that due provision was made for its publication, which it was decided should be weekly. The first number issued was full of wit; but the nature of the paper gradually got to resemble that of the *Satirist*; the consequence was that one of the officers, whose foibles had been taken off to the great amusement of all on board, complained to the captain, who having himself suffered ridicule at the hands of the journal, stopped its further circulation, after a life of but four weeks.

As we were coming down Channel, the second voyagers endeavoured to frighten us by saying, that as soon as we got to sea, the work would be twice as hard; but it turned out quite the contrary, for we found that it was considerably easier, the watches being regularly changed, and the ship's discipline

carried on in an orderly manner, instead of that hurry and bustle so common when just leaving port. We were then told that on the 30th day of the voyage stricter rules would be introduced, and many and fearful were the accounts of the work we should have to do. These tales rendered us rather anxious; we looked forward to the day with a certain amount of dread; and when it arrived, were not surprised at its being ushered in, in the following curious manner: A nondescript thing, made of canvas, stuffed with straw, and intended for a horse, was mounted on the shoulders of some of the sailors. A rope was then attached to it, which all of us took hold of, and to the well-known tune of 'Cheerily, men' (pronounced 'Chilly, man'), we made a pretence of pulling. The men who carried the horse caused it to jump up and down on their backs, and then, amidst a perfect uproar of gee-whooing, and other noises peculiar to carters, it was marched round the deck. This was repeated twice, when the rope was suddenly changed and passed along, we at the same time being instructed to pull in earnest. In a minute, it was run up to the foreyard arm, and a man being there in waiting, directly it touched, it was cut down, and with a dull splash fell into the water. On this, some one among the crowd called out in a loud voice: 'From this time begins strict discipline!' The evening was spent in the usual manner, and at 'eight bells' the boatswain piped to grog, and the steward was ordered to serve out an extra glass.* After all this ceremony, we really did expect some change to be made in our work, but I never discovered any difference; and I came to the conclusion that the only reason for this remarkable performance was to obtain the extra glass of rum that accompanied it.

The soldiers had for some time employed themselves getting up an entertainment for all on board in the shape of a play; and to make it more interesting, it was an original one, written for the occasion. The main steerage was fitted up one night as a theatre, and bedecked with flags. The scene (for there was but one) was in Carolina, by the side of a wood, and very well painted it was, considering the rough implements used in executing it. The high-road passed near the wood, and was so represented that the stage appeared to be part of it; and it was on this road that all the performance took place. It lasted about an hour and a half, and was most amusing; the only drawback being the intense heat; for we were in the tropics, and having the steerage quite crammed with people (at least 250 being present), it was perfectly suffocating. However, taking all into consideration, everything passed off admirably. The whole of the soldiers and their officers were among the audience, and the captain and his lady also honoured it with their presence. The effect produced was very beneficial, as it gave the tars a much better opinion of the soldiers, whom they previously despised, speaking of them in terms of the utmost contempt. Thus, if one of the boys or ordinary seamen did anything in a clumsy manner, it was customary to say that he was as awkward as (an unpleasant adjective) soderger.

The pleasures of the tropics, that sailor's summer, did not last long; the weather soon became such that our services were required on deck. Up to the present time we had had fine steady winds, and made the run down to the line in twenty-one days. After crossing it, however, we experienced a great deal of calm, and were carried into the southern regions by light breezes, which, as we left the equator further behind, became much heavier and stronger, enabling us to make up for lost time.

When I first came to sea, one of my greatest wishes, singular as it may seem, was to be in a storm,

and certainly my desire was fully gratified. We were in latitude 45 degrees south, and for several days had been becalmed, with a very heavy swell on. Towards the evening of the third day, the sky was covered with a dense mass of clouds, and the lightning played so vividly that the heavens appeared one perpetual blaze of fire. The captain, who looked somewhat agitated, gave out orders to shorten sail. The lightning-conductor was led down to the water; wet swabs were put about the pumps, to prevent the electric fluid from being attracted down the hold; and everything was done that prudence could dictate, in order to prepare for the coming storm. The wind first struck us at about eight o'clock. All hands were now kept on deck to take in sail, which, however, proved no easy job, for it blew most terribly, the sea soon running high, and the huge foam-capped waves coming tumbling along as if they would burst upon us. The men descended from aloft, leaving the foresail and topsails but partially stowed, and swore that they would not leave deck again that night; but the midshipmen remained on the yard till they saw that there was no probability of any one joining them. I do not mean to say that we were more courageous than the hands, but our position as petty-officers, together with a desire of emulating and even eclipsing the men, bound us to keep at our posts till the last. The half-furled sails soon blew loose, and after a few heavy 'thrums,' went over the side in ribbons. The chief-mate was so enraged at this cowardice on the part of the men, that he went forward, and began using his speaking-trumpet about their heads till it was flattened in. The close-reefed mizzen-top-sail and the fore-topmast staysail quickly followed, and the ship was now left hove to on the port-tack, under close-reefed main-top-sail and main-trysail. All the port-holes were opened, in order that the water, with which every wave deluged us in enormous quantities, might run off the deck. On account of this, it became most dangerous to walk along the main-deck, for fear of being washed out; so we entirely banished the idea of striking bells, and remained aft on the poop. What miserable work it was! we were wet through to the skin, with no prospect of drying ourselves, and every now and then a big wave came dashing over us, causing the ship to roll so awfully that the yard-arms nearly dipped. Most unfortunately for me, when the watch was called, it was my turn on deck, so, cursing my unlucky fate, I had to remain up, wet and tired as I was, and I think I never remember time to have moved so tardily. Everything was in a wretched state—the coils of rope kept fetching away from windward, and were stretched across the deck. I, together with one of the boys, was sent aloft to secure the mizzen-top-sail, which showed signs of breaking loose, the other midshipmen being employed between decks, baling out the water which had got down the main and after hatchways before they were battened down, and was washing from side to side, making it almost as bad below as on deck. In addition to this, several casks and cases of provisions, got up by the steward the previous day, broke loose, and till they were secured, endangered the legs of those in the steerage. I, being a first voyager, was not allowed the privilege of being below out of the rain and wind; the second voyagers had taken care to monopolise all this work, so when I went down, hoping to find some one who would exchange places with me, I was very quickly handed up again. After spending about two hours in a most miserable manner, half dead with wet and cold, I left the poop, in the expectation of finding shelter under the cuddy awning; but the ladder which leads from that to the quarter-deck had, it seems, been carried away during the storm, so when I, ignorant of that circumstance, put out my foot to get on the step, I pitched down all of a heap on to the quarter-deck, and was much hurt by the fall. I was instantly

* The above ceremony always takes place on the 30th night from signing articles, and is called by seamen 'Dead-horse Night;' but what is the origin of it, I cannot say.

washed into the lee-suppers, but having managed to get up, I made my way into the cuddy. On the other side of the table was the chief-mate, who, seeing me, and naturally thinking that I was skulking my watch, made signs for me to come to him—there was far too much noise to have heard him if he had spoken. I therefore went round the table, and was approaching him, when the ship gave a tremendous and, to me, unexpected roll. I instinctively grasped the table, but not succeeding in getting a firm hold, slipped almost with the rapidity of lightning across the deck. The next thing I remember was finding myself in a hammock, the doctor and two of the men standing by, one of them exclaiming: 'It's all right; he's breathing away like a young Hercules.' I was greatly confused, and for some time could not recollect where I was, and when that was made known to me, how I came there puzzled me much more. All that night I remained in the hammock, but the next I was removed to a cot, where I lay for nearly a fortnight more dead than alive, so dreadfully was I bruised and shaken. The gale lasted without intermission for two days, during the whole of which time we were hove to, and all were thankful when, it having at last abated, the sails were spread, and we were again standing on our course. Many were the reports circulated as to the disasters which had happened, one of which is worth mentioning, as it is a good sample of a yarn, for the spinning of which sailors have acquired such a reputation. A midshipman positively asserted that whilst the gale was at its height, he had been washed out of a port-hole, and had been swimming about some time when he suddenly found himself clinging to the carpenter's leg, who, he stated, was standing near another port-hole.

On Sundays, when the weather was fine and warm, we had prayers on the poop, at other times in the cuddy. The captain officiated, and the congregation, which was always pretty numerous, was chiefly composed of soldiers and passengers. We midshipmen were compelled to be present, the third-mate having received instructions to see that we were all sent up; but the sailors being allowed to please themselves, seldom attended at all. At half-past eleven, when prayers were over, the midshipmen had to make their appearance on deck with their quadrants, to take the altitude of the sun; and that being done, we had to calculate the latitude and longitude, and shew the result to the second-mate. At twelve o'clock, our dinner was ready, and generally speaking, we were ready for it; this calculating business, therefore, was looked upon as a great nuisance, and we were not long in finding a way to avoid it. One of the second voyagers, who had insinuated himself into the good graces of the second-mate, made a practice of watching and copying his workings. He would then bring them down to the berth, where we all of us soon took copies, and sent them up to the captain, who never took the trouble to examine them, but simply looking at the results, came to the conclusion that we were, considering our little experience, the best hands at navigation he knew; and he frequently complimented us about it.

On Sunday afternoons we were allowed to smoke both on the quarter and main deck; but on other days that privilege only extended from the mainmast to the boom-boards—a space of about ten feet. However, we were quite content on this point, as we learned from those in other ships in the same employ, that the mids on board of them were not permitted to smoke at all.

For a long time, things went on in the same unvaried way; our duties were regular, and whilst the weather was fine, there was no alteration in the accustomed routine; but when we reached colder climes, we did not go aloft, as before, to work at the rigging and gear; we remained on deck well wrapped up, shuffling about here and there, to make the officers

believe we were working; for as soon as we stood still, they were down upon us, and gave us some job to do. After doubling the Cape, we again experienced a change, and the warm and pleasant weather reminded us of the days we spent within the tropics on the other side of Africa.

The ship was now rapidly approaching India, and, as might be expected, the wonders of that vast peninsula were the chief subjects of conversation. Those who had visited it before, amused themselves by endeavouring to frighten us poor first voyagers, and on every cessation from duty we were favoured with accounts of the dreadful and horrible scenes we should have to pass through. The third-mate, who excelled in drawing the long-bow, discoursed largely on the events which occurred on board his ship when he was once there, and spoke with such an air of truth, that we greenhorns began to be frightened. The yellow fever, he said, broke out among the crew, and carried its victims off so rapidly, that strong and hearty men who were nothing ailing at daybreak, were lying corpses in the evening; and, added he, for the special edification of us youngsters, Yellow Jack chiefly attacked the midshipmen, who, having been more delicately brought up than the sailors, the sooner became a prey to the fatal disease. He also told us of a mid being so bitten with mosquitoes, that he was taken to the hospital ashore, where he lay for some days tossing about in agony, and death only relieved him from his sufferings.

About this time commenced the most disagreeable job I had to do whilst at sea—namely, tarring down the rigging, and setting up the rattlins. Each of us had to take a little tin-can of pitch and a bunch of oakum up to the mast-head, and tar all the standing ropes down to the deck. To perform this operation on the stays required a strong nerve and a steady hand, as we had to do what is called riding them down—that is, a rope was passed through a block at the mast-head, and made fast round the stay in a running bow-line; in this noose we had to sit and paint all the way down, calling out to those on deck when we wished to be lowered. The worst was having to tar a rope higher than our heads, for every now and then drops kept falling in our faces, and sometimes into our eyes.

We were all sitting below one evening, when down came a midshipman to say it was entered on the log-slate that Cape Comorin, by calculation, was distant but forty-eight miles. Here was joyful news for us; the mere thought of seeing land raised our spirits in a moment; and we sang and danced, in order that we might relieve our excited feelings, and testify the delight we experienced. After being at sea three months, with nothing to gaze upon but water and sky, and perhaps a few ships which we chanced to meet, our desire to look upon land was so great that it amounted almost to raving. When this intelligence reached us, it was half-past seven, and as the ship was ploughing the waves at the rate of eight miles an hour, we might reasonably expect to sight land at about midnight. It was my watch from eight till twelve, but on its termination, no signs of land were visible. I had intended staying up all night, but the first excitement over, I changed my mind, and went below to turn in, having asked one of the midshipmen on watch to call me directly it was sighted; but there was no occasion for this, for I had not been in my hammock long before I could tell from the hum of voices above that something unusual had occurred. I went on deck, and found that a light in the direction of land had caused all the excitement. It was supposed to proceed from a native fishing-boat, and seemed as if on the surface of the water. Other lights of a similar nature soon came in view; but by and by one was descried higher up, and then one far up in the sky, much loftier than any ship's mast could possibly be. These last two were on the elevated

land, which we wanted but daylight to enable us to see. At last there gradually loomed in sight what at first had the appearance of a huge misty monster rising out of the sea on the starboard-bow, and which, by degrees, began to stretch all along the starboard side. The wind now fell, and soon left us altogether; but at the same time the mist clearing away, we could distinctly see a canoe or boat coming out towards us, and which, at a short interval, was followed by another. They reached us about ten o'clock, bringing fruit to sell, and thereby gave us pleasant surety that we were nearing land at last.

SIXPENNY WORTH.

THERE are men who have nothing to do, and who do it all their lives with wonderful energy, and at considerable outlay. With respect to them, opinion is divided: some hold that it is a very pleasant, others that it is a very disagreeable and contemptible way of disposing of one's time. We do not feel bound to expose ourselves, by acknowledging to which side we adhere, but we confidently assert that there is nothing more unpleasant than to have nothing to do, and nothing to do it on; yet there are more persons in that unenviable position than the world in general imagines, or workhouse statistics account for; and very well they look too, considering that they are commonly believed to live on hope, which is no doubt a very nice thing in its way, but not nearly so nutritious as beef and mutton. Some of the best as well as some of the worst dressed men you meet have nothing to do, and nothing to do it on; and so have some of the best dancers at your balls, and some of the most amusing guests at your dinner-parties. There is only one period at which they betray that they have peas in their boots, or heaviness on their minds, and that is when, conscious of a tolerable balance at his banker's, a mocking relative or an inquisitive acquaintance says: 'Well, and what are you doing now?' That question takes the sparkle from the eye, the smile from the lip, the elasticity from the limbs. That question causes the chin to rest dejectedly upon the waistcoat button. A presentiment that that question is coming, causes many a man to turn sharp round a corner rather than face an approaching friend. That question pierces like a sword the sensitive soul, inasmuch as, nine times out of ten, he imagines it prompted not by kindly interest, but by a boastful sense of malicious triumph. It is sometimes cruel, and always useless, for, depend upon it, if a man be doing great things, he will be only too glad that his friends—particularly his wealthy friends—should be made aware of it; and if not, you would scarcely grudge him his momentary cheerfulness, if you knew what an effort it cost to assume it, and how it vanishes like a vapour before that vulgar question.

'Nothing' is such a dismal word: at the sound of it, a sudden emptiness seems to possess everything; it is as though you turned out all your pockets, and exposed the blank surface of the lining. No man likes to say he is doing *nothing*; everybody professes a willingness to work; his difficulty is to find an occupation. He cannot dig, and though he may not be ashamed to beg, he is fully alive to the fact that it would be of little use. Borrowing seems the easiest course to adopt, but, unhappily, sinners in our day grow tired of lending, if they do not receive from sinners about twice as much again. Then comes thieving, but it is attended with considerable risk; and lastly, there is suicide, to which we are happy to say but comparatively few betake themselves. Now, if all these unpleasantnesses might be avoided by an expenditure of sixpence, where is the man, be he Jew or Gentile, who would not lend that sum (at an unreasonable rate of interest, of course) to a suffering 'do-nothing'? Whether so wonderful a sixpennyworth be obtainable

or not, it is for the reader to decide, after a candid consideration of what we are going to set before him.

A few days ago, we were walking through that El Dorado, better known to the general public as Pater-noster Row, when our eye was attracted by a little tract-resembling pamphlet, price sixpence, entitled *How to Obtain a Situation, or Hints to the Unemployed: being Plain and Practical Advice addressed to the Unemployed of all Classes, to insure them speedy and permanent Success*. We entered the place, where this treasure was by no means hidden, with alacrity, and purchased it with avidity; and as we thought how much good we might do amongst our unemployed friends, our heart expanded towards the author, and we sincerely wished he might get all the profit he deserved from the publication of so philanthropic a work. How much profit that would be, will be best calculated after estimating the probable value to the unemployed of his sixpennyworth of hints. Draw near, then, and listen, ye placeless ones, whilst we question you as to your wants, and advise you out of the little book before us. Stand round us in order of gentility. You, sir, so much better than ourselves, shall be captain of the class; and you, whose nether-garments hang upon the precarious tenure of a pin, stand last. Now, sir, what do you want?—'Anything that a gentleman can do without sacrificing his position.' Very well. You would like to be private secretary to a member of parliament? Very good. Then you must proceed thus: you must have an acquaintance with 'the dead and living languages, domestic and political economy, history, government statistics, and general information.' You have no personal knowledge of any member? Then, 'observe the list of parliamentary notices in the newspapers,' and amongst the list you will *perhaps* notice 'that some *obscure member* is about to bring forward a motion on a particular subject. Read up that subject well, and if you happen to have finished your reading before the motion is brought on, write a note to 'the obscure member,' to the effect that you have observed what he is at; that you have made the subject of his motion your 'particular study,' and that you are in possession of information which you believe to be invaluable (never mind if it isn't true; your object is a situation, not a character for truthfulness), which you will 'be happy to impart' if he will 'permit you the honour of an interview;' and wind up with the comforting assurance that you are 'his, &c.' 'The receipt of this missive,' our Mentor declares, 'will *no doubt* be welcome to the member. In the first place, he will feel flattered that his attempts at legislation are obtaining their deserved attention; and in the next, *eager to make a display of his wisdom and research*, he will *no doubt* grant the interview asked, to become the depositary of your important information. Admitted to his presence, it is scarcely necessary to tell you, as a man of the world, how you ought to act. You can listen to his theories respectfully, and impart your own with deference, and by imperceptible degrees convey other draughts of knowledge which you conceive to be palatable. The chances are, that you will create a favourable impression on the mind of your interlocutor; he may first consider you a very clever man' (think of that!); 'he may ponder within himself how desirable it would be to have such a person in his establishment; and he may finally make overtures for engaging you as his secretary; or should he not do so, he will *no doubt* bear you in mind, and recommend you to some friend who is in want of such assistance as you could give;' in which case, you see, you will be not much worse off than you were before: you will only have wasted your time in reading up 'the subject' to no purpose, and you will have the recollection of a recent failure to encourage you for the future. Now, sir, what say you? Is not this 'tip'

worth sixpence? No? You wouldn't give three-halfpence for it? You could have guessed it all yourself? And you are quite sure that the member wouldn't answer your note at all, unless he happened to be a choleric person, and wrote back to tell you that you were an impertinent dog to pretend to know his business better than he himself did? Oh, you wish us good-morning, do you? and you're sorry you took the trouble to come? Very well, sir, good-morning; and we hope you will not be buried at the parish expense, sir.

Next; what do you require? A secretaryship to a public company—hem! It's rather difficult to obtain without being 'a gentleman of position in the financial world'—in which case you probably wouldn't want it; but we can tell you from our little book how to shape your course. You must be 'a person of sanguine temperament and fertile imagination, ever devising some new scheme for making money, some plausible idea to hit the public taste.' Not possessing means to carry out your ideas, you must 'cast about for a capitalist or capitalists;' have personal interviews with them; lay bare the facts connected with your venture; enter into calculations; deduce proofs of ultimate success; and intimate, that provided the company is started, you will expect the post of secretary. 'This,' you will be glad to learn, 'as a matter of justice and expediency, is immediately granted; and the man who, perhaps a week before, was walking about without a shilling in his pocket, is put into the possession of a handsome income by the conception and development of a single idea.' There, sir, you'll not grudge sixpence for that, surely. What! you'd sooner buy old Moore's *Almanac*! You're not of a sufficiently sanguine temperament to suppose that capitalists would invest their money in a speculation of your contrivance, in which you don't risk a shilling, and pay you a handsome salary in advance besides! Your imagination is not so fertile as that of the author of my little book. You're sarcastic, sir, and sarcasm in a would-be secretary is very much out of place; and if, as you say, you want a secretaryship to a company already formed, and of proved solvency, you must know that such a thing is next to impossible, the secretary being always chosen from among the personal friends of the directors. You smoke, if our nose be at all to be depended upon, so you can put that into your calumet.

Advance, next applicant. You are determined to be an author—listen, then, to the words of wisdom: 'It is useless' for you 'to sit down and write a poem, play, or novel, without the slightest chance of the one being published or the other acted.' You should adopt this original and feasible plan: having 'hit upon some subject universally applicable and popular' (there can be no difficulty in that, you know), 'write upon it in a clear and concise form' (if you can); 'make the price moderate;' 'advertise it' (there's an original and costless hint); 'and place it in the hands of a publisher'—who is accustomed to sell that class of work;—and mind, if you do all this, your '*book will sell*.' Now, all you gentlemen 'whose vocation in life lies in scholastic duties' stand up. Why, what a throng! Well, what we have to tell you is, that your 'sphere of effort is somewhat circumscribed,' and no better advice can be given you than to place yourselves 'in the hands of a school-agent . . . and await the result.' Is that all? No; 'a great deal of good may also be effected by advertising through the proper channels.' Is that all? Yes, that's all; and as you appear to have heard of both these ingenious methods, we shall not press you to buy.

You who '*possess a wish*' to become *merchants' clerks* or *warehousemen*, receive, first of all, this cheering intelligence, that your class forms a very numerous

one, and 'as a consequence, a large number are constantly out of employment;' having taken heart hereby, know that your 'first step . . . is to ascertain who is the party that engages the hands;' then you should make inquiries as to his 'peculiarities and prejudices,' for be it known to you that 'an unguarded expression, a careless attitude, or an article of attire inadvertently adopted or carelessly put on, may be the means of at once creating an unfavourable impression, which no after-conduct can remedy.' There is 'an employer, for instance, who always forms an estimate of a man's character and business habits by the cleanliness of his shirt; another who dislikes a man that *carries a stick*; and a third, who gathers his ideas of energy or inertness from a *person's walk*.' If, therefore, your possible employer be a dirty man, bribe a little muddy-faced boy to turn head-over-heels with his feet against your shirt-front—he'll do it for a half-penny; if he be conscious of being 'unwhipt of justice,' beware how you alarm him by carrying a stick; and if he form his opinions on pedestrian grounds, burst into his warehouse at the rate of five miles an hour, and you will be sure either of obtaining a situation, or of being handed over to the police. Mind, also, that when you catch sight of the gentleman you go to see, you 'should bow respectfully, but not servilely;' you 'should never intrude yourself in unreasonable hours, the morning between eight and ten o'clock being the generally recognised period for making such applications;' you 'should neither exaggerate nor depreciate your abilities;' you should 'not be disheartened at the first repulse;' you should 'renew the attack again and again, until perhaps an employer, through sheer admiration of your determination and energy, combined with the fact that an actual want has been created in the meantime, will engage you.' There is more advice yet in our little book, as well as a 'list of warehouses employing the largest number of hands.' You look very much inclined to purchase; go down, then, at once with your sixpence to Paternoster Row; never mind if it is your last sixpence, and if your hair does want cutting; how do you know that '*the party who engages the hands*' may not be a worshipper of Akersecomes?

You who would be '*shopmen, drapers, grocers, and druggists' assistants*,' learn to your joy that your sixpennyworth will tell you such situations as you seek are 'more easy of access than many.' It will tell you that 'a young man requiring a situation in either of these occupations, cannot do better than enter shop after shop, day after day, and he is sure to succeed at last.' After this, you will not be surprised to be told that you must have 'assurance and self-possession,' and that you must be free from 'anything approaching to nervousness or trepidation.' 'In addressing the master of a shop, therefore, you should let him see that . . . you fancy yourself as it were behind the counter recommending some article of his own, and that he is the purchaser;' that, in fact, you are pressing him to buy your talents—which you already consider his—by the foot, the ounce, or the scruple, according to the nature of his business.

Come hither, ye who desire to be '*porters*,' and understand what your sixpennyworth will teach you; that your 'chief recommendations are honesty, sobriety, civility, and strength;' that 'a man who is a porter should not ape the gentleman;' that 'a jacket of fustian and trousers of corduroy are more consonant to his station than a cloth surtout and fashionable cut pantaloons;' and that 'it would be as well if every man who hires himself as a porter would learn writing and arithmetic.' Don't make that disagreeable noise; we are perfectly aware that this 'ain't o' no use to a feller as is out o' place t' elp 'im to get a place;' but we only undertook to tell you what you could learn for sixpence. If you don't wish to become purchasers, say so, and leave

the room; don't swear, and make penny-trumpets of yourselves.

Welcome, females, for that is the elegant name by which you are designated in our little book. (If a woman have *means*, she is a lady; if she have nothing, she is a female; and sometimes, if she be youthful, a young person. Mem. 'A young person' in an advertisement is *always* of the feminine gender.) To you, wishing to be a governess, we will explain what amount of help you may look for, if you invest sixpence in our little book. It will announce to you that 'in this class of situations there are unfortunately fewer vacancies in comparison to the number of applicants than in almost any other; so many young *females* (and old too, unfortunately,) having received good educations, not possessing the means of ladies,' &c. It will go on to inform you, that 'in a great many instances these situations are obtained through private influence. Mrs Thompson knows that Mrs Johnson is in want of a companion or governess, and happening to be acquainted with Miss Fielding, &c.' It will then offer a few hints about dress, carriage, conversation, and attainments, from which you will infer that your clothes should be 'good, well-made, and carefully put on; that you should be ladylike, subdued, graceful, engaging, cheerful, and obliging; that your 'conversation should be intelligent and interesting; and that 'it is absolutely necessary, in addition to the everyday rudiments of education,' 'to have a thorough knowledge of French and music, an acquaintance with German and Italian, and a glimmering of other modern languages'—a little Chinese would possibly be looked for at the present juncture—'singing, drawing, and painting also are . . . frequently called in requisition; and 'all beyond this' that you 'can boast of . . . the more gratifying it will be' to you 'and the more pleasing to' your employers. If you can square the circle, for instance, you will find it highly gratifying to you and pleasing to your employers; even a thorough knowledge of so common a subject as electricity will be a recommendation; and a perfect familiarity with the laws which regulate physiological and pneumatological phenomena will be an advantage. Moreover, you will discover that a situation of this nature . . . is the means of securing powerful friends, of gaining an introduction into society, and not unfrequently of leading to a comfortable settlement in life, and an advantageous and happy union.' There, ladies who have no means but the means of being useful, and of making men happy, if you think you would like a peep at the book we have mentioned, the publisher's address is very much at your service.

You are anxious to become a lady's-maid, miss? Then give ear to our author. You may obtain a situation in three ways: by advertising, by means of a registry-office, by 'inquiring amongst the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood.' Did you say 'Fiddle-de-dee!' Very well, then.

Nurse-maids 'out of place' will learn something worth knowing from this book: it bids them frequent St James's Park, Regent's Park, and Kensington Gardens, and converse not with the men of war, as they are too apt to do, but with 'the best-tempered' guardians of the many perambulators; and by this means 'it is not unlikely to hear of something.' Oh, 'you wouldn't demean yourself by speaking to a young person as you 'adn't bin introduced to?' Then try the registry-office.

The advice here given to such 'young females' as desire to become milliners, dressmakers, shopwomen and barmaids, is not distinguished for its originality; nor do we consider it would be worth their while to purchase a book which will do little more than inform them that 'an agreeable and engaging address, and a talent for what is called "small-talk," are requisite. The dress should also be neat and clean, and the hands and nails nicely kept.' A housekeeper 'should be a ladylike and educated person, and, at the same

time, have a knowledge of the world and its *convenialities*'—whatever those may be. We could give much more wisdom out of our oracle, had we time and space; we could tell how 'women of robust constitutions . . . may earn a decent livelihood' as laundresses; how persons who 'are naturally talented with their needle' (as our text-book hath it), 'being able to design novelties in head-dresses,' will have no difficulty in getting their efforts appreciated; how in shirt and slop making, which is 'the hardest and least remunerative of all female employments, . . . a deposit equivalent to the value of the work has to be left; and sometimes advantage is taken of this by dishonest parties, who find fault with the work done, and deduct the value of the article said to be spoiled from the deposit left.' We could speak a word in season to coal-agents, who should 'live, if possible, in some public thoroughfare, and possess the privilege (?) of placing a large board before their residence, with the prices of the different coal painted conspicuously upon it; to tea-agents, who are recommended to take a somewhat dubious course—namely, to visit cottages, the inmates of which should be 'supplied with their tea, &c., for one week on credit'—this being 'an inducement with people who have scarcely sufficient to make both ends meet'—to get into debt? To wine and cigar agents, who should have a *jolly* presence; and to insurance agents, who, 'as there is no article to back their assertions and tempt the public,' must do all their business by sheer talking, and should never forget to touch upon the uncertainty of human life, and bring forward 'the case of Mr So-and-so, a relation, friend, or neighbour, who fell off an omnibus, or was drowned last week; and, lastly, we could give a list of the salaries in government offices, and of the difficulties attendant upon applications there; but we forbear, since we have already said enough to shew the 'great unemployed' what kind of a sixpennyworth they may expect; and so we wish them heartily farewell, merely remarking, by the way, that an Excise-officer, 'if married, must not have more than two children,'—a restriction which displays no very great acquaintance with the doctrines of limited liability.

THE RULING PASSION.

One of the prettiest of the German watering-places is Schlössenbourg.

A long, strait, tedious avenue takes you to it from the bright-looking town of F—; twelve long miles without a railway; but when you get there, it is like a garden with houses in it, not houses with a garden to them—a garden filled with flowers, exquisitely kept, tastefully laid out, stretching into a park and woods that an English duke might envy. Then there is a conservatory, with tall palm-trees and other exotics; a Chinese temple, with gas-lights at night, that are contrived as if they sprang from amongst the flowers; and morning, noon, and night, music—from one of the best bands in Germany. You may sit and hear it in the garden, sipping coffee all the while, or you may go into a well-lighted room, provided with every newspaper in every language you could desire, fitted up like the most luxurious drawing-room. You may also remark in the one long street of which the town of Schlössenbourg consists, that every other house is a banker's or money-changer's, where all kinds of facilities for obtaining or changing money are offered.

'How rich and prosperous the little town must be,' you remark; 'what a beneficent government;' for all these luxuries are given for nothing. No visitor is asked to pay for the expensive garden that surrounds

his lodgings, or the gas, or the music, or the newspapers, or the sofas—all is generously provided by some invisible power. Let us walk into the noble saloon with its lofty painted ceilings, past the soft-seated news-room, and we shall see the munificent provider of flowers and music—the board of green cloth, the bank and its directors, the rouge et noir, and the roulette-table.

The bank is obliged to lay out a certain portion of its enormous profits every year on the place; the gardens, the conservatories, and every luxury are kept up to render attractive the temple of the blind goddess.

It is a mistake to look for fiery passions, deep despair among the players; most wear an outward calm: there is only a sort of fixed haggard look and contraction of the mouth sometimes to be detected, that speaks as with an inward curse.

I had come to Schlössenbourg as the medical attendant of an old and valued friend as well as patient. I had no money to risk, and I was determined not to be seduced by that strange chink of gold, and the atmosphere of excitement pervading the rooms.

My friend, Harry Melville, found me in the reading-room one evening. 'Come,' said he, 'Halford, as you are a philosopher, and behold the oddest specimen you ever set eyes on, and help me to make her out.' We went to the roulette-table. 'There she is,' said Harry, 'between the hat with the scarlet feather and the old snuffy *Gräfin*. There; she has won again. Look at her little hands gathering up the silver florins—they are like a child's hands; but her face—did you ever see such a face?'

'I can see nothing,' said I, 'but spectacles and a false front, and a large old-fashioned bonnet, and a little wizened figure. What can it be?'

'There; she loses now. See how she clasps her little hands, but plays boldly again, without a moment's hesitation; only she seems to consult some written notes on a card. Lost again; poor little old lady! it is evident she is not a witch.'

The heap of winnings was now reduced to a single gold piece, a double Frederick d'or. The little old woman seemed to hesitate; she looked eagerly at her notes, then took up the money and disappeared so rapidly that I did not see her leave the room.

I should scarcely have remembered the circumstance or the personage who seemed to have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the appearance of the mysterious little old woman again at the table two or three days afterwards. This time, I was determined to watch her; it was in the afternoon, rather dusk, but before the tables were lighted.

She had an umbrella, on which she leaned with a limping gait, the old bonnet, and a large dark shawl. She went straight up to the table, and without hesitation placed a double Frederick d'or on a single number—I think it was three. I looked at her as the table turned; her hands were tightly clasped, her neck stretched out. The umbrella on which she leaned for a walking-stick had fallen down, and she did not seem aware of it.

'Elle ne tourne plus—trois!' said the croupier. The little witch had won thirty-six double Fredericks.

She gave an unmistakable shout of ecstasy. 'O beautiful!' said a clear shrill child's voice, and she snatched up the gold pieces, and actually ran out of the saloon. I turned to follow, but she had disappeared, leaving the umbrella on the floor. I picked it up, thinking it might lead to some acquaintance with the mysterious little person.

My invalid had become worse, and I was much taken up with him, and did not go to the Cursaal for some days. Sitting one afternoon in the garden with him, we were listlessly watching some children, both

German and English, engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, chasing each other round the trees. A little girl, whose remarkably graceful movements had caught my attention, suddenly exclaimed with a laugh and a shout: 'O beautiful!'

The voice was identical—I could not mistake it—with that of the little old woman of the Cursaal. I was determined to be convinced of the fact, and when I again looked at the perfectly childish creature of eleven years old, I could not believe her to be the same. I rose from my seat as she came near, but was rather puzzled how to accost her. I have an odd sort of shyness with children, I feel so afraid of encountering either of the two extremes of shyness or pertness. At last I bethought me of the umbrella.

'Stop, my little lady,' said I very timidly. She looked round wondering, and with the softest blue eyes in the world. 'Have you not lost something lately? the other evening in the Cursaal.'

Poor little thing! all her fun and frolic were gone. She blushed and hung her head, and I saw the ready childish tears swelling under her eyelids.

'I don't know, I'—she murmured; and I felt so guilty in tempting her to an untruth, that I said at once: 'You dropped your umbrella when you were dressed up the other evening.'

She came quite close up to me; all her shyness was gone. 'O sir,' she said, 'if you have found me out, don't tell upon me, pray, don't. Never mind the umbrella; and, sir, if you should see me again, so, dressed like an old woman, don't take any notice.'

'But, my dear little girl, or my dear old lady, I cannot promise anything, because I am sure I should laugh. What can be the reason of such a disguise?'

She had not the shadow of a smile as she answered: 'I cannot and may not tell you; and perhaps I was wrong not to say at once, "No, it was not my umbrella"—and yet that would be a story. It is so hard to know what is right, isn't it, sir, sometimes?'

Her companions here came to call her to play, but she said in German—which she spoke like a native—'No, I must go home now.' Then turning to me with a sort of involuntary confidence, she said: 'There is nobody but me now to attend to poor papa, and it was very wrong indeed of me to stay playing here.'

'I wish,' said I, 'you would tell me something more of yourself; I might help you, perhaps, and your papa too.'

She shook her head sadly. 'I dare not,' she said. 'It would vex him so much that he might die. We don't want anything now—just now, I mean; only, if you see me again there, don't tell anybody; for, you know'—this she said in a whisper—'they won't let children play.'

She went away out of the garden with a sedate step, and her face, thin and pale when not animated, had lost its childish expression. I watched her, and longed to follow and know what the mystery was. She stopped, and looked back hesitating, and I instantly joined her. 'Shall I send your umbrella,' said I, 'or bring it you here to-morrow?'

'Never mind that,' she said. 'If you will only tell me where you live—I may—I don't know; but papa won't let anybody come, and we may—O sir, we may want a friend!' She burst into tears, and then, with an effort to repress her sobs, said: 'Tell me where you live?'

I readily gave her my card, and pressed her slight little hand as she ran away.

A few days after that, in the Cursaal, I again saw the strange little figure. I went and stood opposite to her, but I believe she did not see me. She had, as before, a double Frederick d'or, which she changed into silver, and began to play first cautiously, and consulting some written directions, and winning every time; she then staked gold pieces, and again won. Then she grew more reckless, and placed

high stakes on a single number—she lost; staked again—lost again, and then her last remaining gold pieces were raked off. I could not see her face for the absurd disguise, but as I saw her glide from the table, I instinctively followed. She rushed down the steps, and into the garden. When I came up, she had thrown herself on a garden-seat, had torn off her disguise, and with her childish hands covering her face, was sobbing in the bitterest despair. When she looked up, on hearing my step, it was sad to see such wild sorrow in a child's face. 'My poor child,' said I, going up to her, 'what is it?'

'O sir, O sir,' she sobbed, 'that cruel man!' Then a sudden idea seized her; she sprang up. 'Don't you think, for once, only once, he would give me back a little money, and let me try again?'

'I think not,' I said. 'How is it that you do this, and know so little? Tell me all, and let me perhaps help you.'

She looked wistfully in my face. 'If you would lend me a Frederick d'or, I should be sure to win this time.'

'I will lend it to you,' I said, 'but not to play—take it home.'

She hung back, and blushed. 'I dare not—I cannot go home.' Then she burst into a passion of sobs, exclaiming: 'O no; papa would die: it would kill him to see me come home with nothing—all lost!'

'Let me go home with you,' said I. 'I am a doctor; if your father is ill, I may be of use to him.'

She hesitated, and then, with a sudden resolution, took my hand, and led me on. It was a turning not far from the Cursaal, down a lane, and into a yard, where there was a stand of donkeys at one end, and a washerwoman at the other. The door of a mean house stood open, and my little guide asked me to stop at the bottom of the stairs, while she first went up to her father. I watched her light step, and saw her open a door very cautiously; then a shriek of alarm and horror rang through the house, and I waited no further summons to rush to the room.

The sight that presented itself was indeed appalling: on the bed lay a man apparently lifeless, the pillow and the sheets covered with blood. I immediately raised his head, and found the bleeding proceeded from the mouth and nose—he had broken a blood-vessel. The shrieks of the child had brought more assistants than enough, and by dismissing some, and making use of others, I succeeded at last in restoring consciousness to the invalid, and calmness to his poor little daughter.

While applying remedies, I was obliged to stop every attempt to speak on the part of the patient; but he smiled at Alice, whose every faculty seemed absorbed in watching him, and turned his eyes towards the table by the side of the bed. On the table were a pack of cards and a pair of much-used dice, a note-book to prick the numbers, and another with a pencil by its side, and filled with calculations. The man's face was haggard and emaciated, evidently in the last stages of consumption, but of finely chiseled features; his hands also were delicately formed. He was making efforts to speak, and tried to point still to the table, when Alice's quick eye fell on a letter which he must have received in her absence. She held it out to him. I saw the hectic mount to his cheek; and with a flash of the eye and a violent effort to raise himself and to seize it, he exclaimed: 'Thank God! I have not ruined my little Alice. It's all her luck, and she deserves it all.' The effort brought on a return of the bleeding; he fell back exhausted, and never spoke again.

The letter, whose perusal had so strongly affected him, proved to be the announcement of a considerable fortune, which had been long in litigation, having been adjudged to him, and at his death, to his daughter Alice. His name and family were discovered by this and other papers.

The rest we could only guess: his fatal propensity to gambling, his illness, and his sending his child, when unable to go to the table himself—living thus, by what he had called her wonderful luck, sometimes in ease, sometimes on the verge of starvation; and the end of the feverish fitful life coming as I have said.

Poor, desolate little Alice did not now want friends; aunts and cousins who had ignored her existence, and avoided her gambling father, now disputed with each other so violently her bringing up, that she stood a chance of being torn up by the roots altogether.

I did not lose sight of her; and when, many years after, I met the graceful, somewhat pensive girl—for she always retained a shade of melancholy—she had never forgotten her friend the doctor of Bad-Schlössenbourg.

INDIAN DOMESTICS.

INDIA, beautiful India, is the essence of all known plagues. It jags the edge of the sweetest temper, fixes a frown on the mildest face, and ships at last its martyr off to England, a crabbed, unbearable, combustible old man, to fret himself and society with his misanthropical tenets, or bore the best of good-natured hearers with egotistical stories of 'pig-sticking.' To be a crabbed old man, after a thirty years' existence there, is justifiable degeneracy. He has fought a fight in which thousands have fallen in the first stroke of the battle; he has survived, with Heaven's blessing, heat, servants, and bites.

None but those who have become parched and crisped by the desiccating sun of India—who have travelled, reeking, on the cracked and splintered earth, beneath the great sky-fixed ocean of molten silver—can appreciate thoroughly the free, broad, bracing freshness of an English breeze. The surface of everything unsheltered is polished by the sun's rays, until the eye becomes sore and bleared with merely doing its duty. The sleek backs and wings of the thousand crows which twit on the path, shine like new rupees; the green leaves hang motionless, and glisten as the wavelets in the sea. Even the natives, brought forth by parents who have never known another land, have huge turbans over and round their heads, and more particularly on that portion of the neck immediately below the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, lest the sun 'should smite them in his wrath.' But you may often see, as you drive along the road, these poor Hindus prostrated in the agony of sickness, vomiting with a violence which fortunately does not last long. They make one feeble struggle to rise, then roll back dead—new and choice food, when their relatives have launched them, naked and bare, on the waves of the sacred Gunga, for the beak of the vulture, or the teeth of the shark. So keen are the eyes of these two monsters, and of a hundred other attendant birds and fish, that by the time a corpse has travelled five miles upon that holy stream of the Ganges, there is not enough left of what was once a human being to taint a cubic foot of the most delicately rarefied atmosphere.

To guard against the dangerous influence of the sun, man has sought out many inventions. Our carriages have double roofs; our hats are built of pith, and ventilated by a cunning cupola in miniature, ingeniously implanted in the crown; our parasols are gigantic wooden mushrooms; and our garments are of any substance we can possibly obtain which, in its weight and fibre, does not exceed the gossamer. The walls of our houses are three feet thick, verandahed and terraced round. Our rooms are halls worthy of containing the common council of any county town at home. They are matted, and not carpeted, unless

in some houses where appearances are more studied than comfort. Our glass windows have each other ones of wood, the same as the Venetian ones upon the continent. These are closely shut fourteen hours of the twenty-four. Huge squares of matted straw are placed before such openings as cannot be closed; and it is the duty of a servant—of whom we have more to say—to sprinkle them with the coolest water obtainable, ten times an hour. The motive is obvious: the hot wind passing through the damp *cusca*, is cooled almost to a welcome point, and from a scourge, transformed, by a simple device, into a refreshment. We live in the breath of the *punkah*. All day and night, a servant stands by to fan us. If he halts for one second, a glow of feverish heat steals over us, and the '*punkah-wallah*' submits mutely to the castigation he deserves, and most inevitably gets. These poor wretches, possessed, it may be, of more intellect than brutes, but undoubtedly of less instinct and sagacity, ply their monotonous occupation like pieces of ill-fitting machinery. They are certain to fall asleep unless retained at high-pressure by the constant application of a horse-whip. Silent, inane, and expressionless as the gods of their idolatry, they crouch and bear all the stings and arrows of their outrageous fortune.

The second plague of life in India, fully as monstrous as the first, is—servants. We will take a professional man, whose income is about 500 rupees, or £50 a month. He does not desire, in all probability, to domesticate himself in the cheerless circle of a boarding-house community, where his absolute cost to the amiable landlady will be about twenty rupees per mensem, on which he is called every four weeks to pay 800 per cent. He therefore takes a house, and becomes, he blindly imagines, 'his own master.' Never since Cain thought he could commit fratricide unpunished, has a man been so mistaken. His house, if at all capable of affording English comfort, will be of a rental—we speak of Calcutta especially—of one hundred and fifty pounds a year at least; any other house, such as those which are termed '*bungalows*,' which means 'one-storied houses,' are pretty sure to treat the tenant in the 'rains' to such a vast number of rheumatic aches, together with dysentery, cholera, liver-complaints, and utter prostration, that they are only cheap to such men as wish to find a grave here, and have no broken ties which they would desire to renew in Old England. The house is taken. It is situated in a '*compound*,' which means at home 'its own grounds.' So spontaneous is vegetation, that a '*mallee*' (gardener) is indispensable. Let the master's tastes be ever so much inclined to till his own garden, and rear marvels in botany and horticulture, the *heat* forbids him. The pay of the *mallee* will vary between six and eight rupees a month (16s.). The next necessary creature is the '*mater*,' or house-sweeper, a man who always seems the acmé of devotedness and activity, but who has really a remarkably easy life of it generally. His pay is equal to the *mallee*'s. The '*bheestie*,' who may be met with in the twelve signs of the zodiac under the nomenclature of '*Aquarius*,' is the servant to whom the tractable and sensitive heart *most* inclines to be liberal. He fills his '*mussock*' (a seal-skin) many times a day with pure water, and replenishes the bath. He fills the house-buckets, and deluges the carriage when it is being cleaned. Our gratitude, extreme as it is, goes no further than six rupees. Then come the table-servants and the cook. The former are the '*khansamar*,' who makes the market purchases—and is universally a rogue of the deepest dye—and the '*khitmutgar*,' who waits upon you, and who is generally a sharer in the profits of the *khansamar*'s rogues. Their wages are from seven to ten rupees each; a cook's the same. The cook has an assistant, who cleans the dishes and knives. He is called the '*musalchee*,' and gets about five rupees a month.

Pursuing the list, we reach the '*sirdar-bearer*.' This man trims the lamps, and pulls the *punkah*, and does nothing else for the world; his wages are seven rupees.

Another and even more important man is the '*bearer*.' Say, Old Indian of thirty hot years' standing, how often you have blessed this man above the others? He is valet, banker, and general protector over all things you may possess: he wipes you dry as tinder when you issue from your bath; he puts your stockings on while you sit on a chair in a reverie. He does the same good turn for all the garments you desire to don. He has your hat and gloves beautifully prepared for you. He takes charge of your floating capital in the way of any odd rupees which you may happen to leave in your discarded waistcoat, and you may trust him with a thousand. He studies your every movement, and replaces all mutilated buttons; in fact, he is, to a great extent, a wife; and if you give him a full and valuable wardrobe to be lord and master over as long as he may stay in your service, you will find it undiminished, and precisely as you gave it. He looks after the '*dhoobie*' and '*pin-wallah*.' These are two other servants, each male laundresses. The one does the '*plain things*,' and the other the '*fancy things*;' their wages and the bearer's vary from seven to twelve rupees. Some people, especially where there is a family, keep a '*derzee*,' or tailor-milliner. The writer does, for instance, and he finds it an economical arrangement. The one in question gets eight rupees. Nothing can exceed the neatness with which this man sews; it is perfection itself. We will now go into the stable-yard. Each man of any standing has his carriage, for after it is once purchased, it is cheaper travelling than by palanquin (*palkee*). The *heat* prevents one horse being enough, there are consequently two; each horse has a '*syce*' (groom), at five rupees each, and then comes the coachman at seven rupees.

The summing up, however, of this interesting category is painful in the extreme. Each man we have named, from the *mallee* to the coachman, is an arrant thief—nay, even the bearer, whom we eulogised. He steals indirectly; the others are not so particular. As a slight preventive to their plundering boldly and barefacedly, a '*durwan*' or gate-keeper is kept at six rupees a month. As he belongs to quite a different cast and tribe to his fellow-servants, it is a pleasure for him to detect them in any peculations. He searches the *derzee* and *syce*, and each and all who attempt their exit through the entrance-gate.

If a resident here is a married man, he may, in the nature of things, be blessed with household gods—each god needs an '*ayah*.' She is of course a female servant, and the most troublesome, except the *syces*, of them all. The wages of an *ayah* are very changeable and unfixed. The writer has proved by experience that few under ten rupees a month are of much good, though some are obtainable at half that sum. Besides the regular *ayah* to the wife and each child, there must be the '*materanni*.' It is her business to do *certain things*, which, if executed by the others, would lose them their castes. Her wages are about six rupees. We will put last the servant we mentioned first, he whose duty it is to sprinkle the *cusca* with water. His wages are six rupees. This is a goodly list, my English reader, but be assured that not one of the number could in any way be spared. Our lives, except for pleasure, are characterised by inactivity; illness and heat soon render us unfit to accomplish half in one day of what we could do in two hours in England. The greatest advantage is taken of the weak or careless residents by these native servants. Gratitude is a sentiment totally unknown in the bosom of the Hindu. As you try to heal the wounded snake, so it turns round and stings you. If your favourite Arab becomes unwell, its *syce* will

leave you unless you give him double pay to remain. He will pocket the money with which you ask him to purchase medicine for it; he will starve it to the bone to garner a rupee.

To some of my readers versed in the technicalities of natural history, the third plague of India will be recognisable by the name of 'culex'; but he is better known by the name of mosquito. So conspicuous a torment have these beautifully limbed and tinted creatures become, that Cuvier, Réaumur, and others have taken the trouble to investigate the particulars of their nativity. They discovered one, one day, hanging head-downwards in a pool of stagnant water, and he was supposed to have enjoyed that inverted position for twenty days. He was then in outward form and shape a mere ungainly worm. In the process of time, however, the chrysalis state was assumed, and through the diaphanous robe were clearly discernible the perfect body and limbs which were yet to be vitalised, and become the bane of mankind. He remained in his elegant robe about four days. Upon the fourth, he ascended to the surface of the water; but no sooner had he done so than he burst the shell with his head—the broken mansion became a boat, and the insect's wings the sails. Having enjoyed just sufficient aquatic amusement to give him time to dry his wings, he mounted into the air, a sworn foe to the sensitive skin of humanity. One of his race is endeavouring to alight upon my hand (a favourite portion), even while I trace these lines. In bulk, the mosquito is far less than the common English house-fly; I can compare its body to nothing else than a caraway-seed, and its legs to eyelashes. You cannot see the bite it inflicts until the inflammation begins, so small is the puncture; but you may catch them in the act of biting in rather a droll fashion. Suppose your hand is clenched, the skin will be then enduring tension, and all the crevices opened out; you feel the mosquito alight, and instantly commence his wicked purpose; gently unfold your hand by stretching the fingers out, and the depredator is fast on your hand. You have of course to suffer the bite notwithstanding.

The curtains round our beds at night are not only valuable safeguards against mosquitoes, but against a hundred other insects, some of them very repulsive in appearance. Grasshoppers, flying-beetles, fireflies, and others yet more horrible, would invade our sanctuary, but can only gaze at us through the delicate squares of our gauze-prison. They hum and buzz untiringly like the singing-fish of Ceylon. They occasionally rise louder in their melody than the human voice.

Unable to sleep last night, I got out of bed, and went to my dressing-table, most carefully replacing the curtains after me. I found in my oil-lamp—which burns all night long in every bed-chamber in India—a most ungainly insect, a specimen of a genus I had never met before. His body resembled a large date-stone in form and colour, and his head and legs were thick and bulky, the former covered with a fibrous tegument. His wings were like a bat's, but his *tout ensemble* reminded me mostly of a flying-fox. I thanked Providence for giving me mosquito curtains, and also for leading this creature to bathe in the heated oil of my lamp. He was quite dead, and I took him carefully out and examined him this morning. He had evidently a sting worth avoiding. All these insects, however, will bite you some time or other, and I myself have been confined to the house a fortnight from the effect of mosquito bites. Occasionally, you find a 'cobra' in your bath-room. He is in size like a large eel, and his bite is often fatal. If you find one, always search for another; they travel and abide in pairs. Ants are very troublesome; their bites have pained me more than mosquitoes', but they are more readily cured. They are sixty times the size of the English ones. I have seen one

nearly an inch long. As you dine at night with all the windows thrown open, these insects above enumerated alight heavily in your vermicelli, or defile the Soyer's Relish which you have poured upon your dish.

Let none who read this paper, then, judge over-harshly of any crabbed Indian veteran whom they may henceforth meet. I have offered a slight insight into the plagues he has had to bear, and will finish what I have said with three positive facts: the thermometer in the room where I now am stands at 98°, though every opening is closed; a servant has just tried to swindle me out of thirty rupees; and a mosquito has just bitten me upon my nose.

THE ROOK.

Let the Skylark make her boast
Of the high and laurelled host
Who have hailed her Heaven's Chorister so long;
Let the Nightingale repeat
In her treble, low and sweet,
The lays that in her honour have been sung;
Let each bird in her degree,
In the Cloud, or on the Tree,
Have the meed of praiseful song which is her due,
Her proper tribute, whether
For her song or for her feather—
But my Rook must have her commendation too.
Though her voice be somewhat hoarse,
Yet her language is not coarse,
As the case is with the parrot and the pye;
Though the hue be modest black,
She wears satin on her back,
And as fine as any bird that wings in the sky!
Though her notes are not a score,
Yet she owns a many more
Than the Cuckoo, in whose praise all bards agree,
While their private lives—I guess,
Mr R. 'twould quite distress
To name his wife with such a bird as she!
O to see her pick up sticks
(Which to her are stone and bricks),
For the building of her mansion in the Elm!
O to see her mother-beak
Far too full of worms to *speak*—
'Tis a lesson for her sex throughout the realm!
True it is, at morn and eve,
When they seek their nests or leave,
There seems often not a little to be said;
But, again, of this we're certain,
They've no Lectures of the Curtain,
And they shut their golden beaks when they're abed!

Oh, in sooth, I love that clangour
That, with solemn dreamy languor,
Floateth o'er the leafless tree-tops in the Spring,
When, with half-shut dusky pinion,
In the March wind's blue dominion,
The Rook unto the swaying branch doth cling;
For its slumbrous music yields
Visions of familiar fields,
Dear places whither Memory loves to roam,
Many a face and many a voice
That can bid this heart rejoice,
Though in exile from its friends and from its home.

EMERITUS.

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